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## COMMUNICATIONS.

### THE STUDY OF THINGS.

It would be invidious to depreciate the value of books as a necessary means of preserving the knowledge collected by the traveller and the student of things, and of perpetuating it for the benefit of future generations; and, also as a means of its general dissemination among those whose want of leisure and opportunity preclude their obtaining it from its original fountains; yet, he who would be a finished scholar must not be content with the second hand knowledge which books afford. He must look beyond the picture, to the original, from whence it was drawn. He must look into the book of nature, and study not what men have written about it, but what nature is. Who are the men whose genius commands the respect of future generations, but men who, by critical observation, have obtained an accurate knowledge of things? Books may have discovered the taste of these men to themselves, and, thus, have led to the development of talents, which, without such incitement, they would forever have remained unconscious of possessing; but books to them, were only the streams, which seemed to guide them up to the fountain of knowledge. For they did not stop to slake their thirst at the muddy brook or tepid pool, but hastened onward, that their spirits might be refreshed with the cooling draught from the crystal spring. Some men, who have neglected the book of nature, may, by some peculiar management, have obtained an ephemeral popularity; but this factitious popularity has gone down to the grave with its possessor, when it, at length was submitted to the judgment of disinterested and impartial critics. Nothing will long survive, in which nature does not see reflected an image of herself. The productions of human genius, that have longest survived the wreck of time, are those whose authors were obliged from necessity, to collect their knowledge from travelling and observation; and thus formed their conceptions directly from what they saw, rather than from the ideas of others. Homer, as is generally supposed was a wandering singer in the regions of Asia Minor. He had no doubt travelled over the site of the famous Troy. And when he conceived the design of the *Iliad*, the land of Priam was no doubt before him. The mountain scenery with which it was surrounded, the plain of Ilium with its murmuring rivers and meandering streams, and the distant rolling sea were all in his eye. It was the sight of these objects which enabled him to paint to the life, and what he had seen of human nature enabled him to infuse into his poem that fire, for which, this work has been celebrated in all after ages. The reasons why the writings of Homer are thought to display more genius than those of Virgil is, that the latter, on account of his greater familiarity with the writings of others, has rendered his vein of thought less original than that of his great predecessor. Both studied nature with assiduity and care. But Homer was, probably, obliged by necessity, to read, almost exclusively, from her pages; and to this circumstance, rather than to the superiority of his powers of mind, his poem may be indebted, for those characteristics in which it excels. Had Homer passed his life, shut up in the library of a German or English University, he might still have been a great poet, but he probably would have been something less than Homer.

What gave the eloquence of Demosthenes superiority over that of Cicero, but its being formed, more exclusively, on the model of things, while that of Cicero was formed on the model of books?

It is known that the ancient statues exceeded all who have lived after them, in delineating the delicate proportions of the human figure; and their success in this is attributed to their being accustomed to the sight of naked men at the public games. "This we see, that what is usually denominated genius, is nothing more, than the paintings of the mind from real life. Fancy may sketch a thousand fairy forms, but these vanish away and are forgotten with the minds that conceived them. All the wild romance of imagination, when weighed in the balance of judgment, is found to be valueless, and hence is consigned to oblivion. While the writings of antiquity have come down to us as the monuments of genius, all the legendary lore of the dark ages has perished, or is preserved only to illustrate the wildness and extravagance, to which the human mind will wander, when it ceases to be guided by truth and reality. Judging from the past, we may suppose how little of the literary fiction of the present day, will be likely to go down to posterity. Only, inasmuch as this may give a true picture of real life, it will be likely to be preserved. If the name of Sir Walter Scott, may, hereafter, be celebrated in song, it will not be, because he has written novels, but, because his novels exhibit a true picture of his countrymen. It will be, because in preparing his mind for his literary labors, he was not content with the perusal of books merely, nor with following the romantic wanderings of a morbid imagination, but took pains to become accurately acquainted with the manners and customs and character of the inhabitants of the country, where he laid his principal scenes. Because much of the scenery of his descriptions was drawn from actual observation. As he told us in one of his ballads:

'He climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvelin,  
and there with his own eyes,  
'He marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.'

But, after all, no fiction can be valued like those works, which separate reality from shadows, and distinguish truth from every thing false, that wears its semblance. How does the comet blaze of literary glory, purchased by works of the imagination, grow dim in the presence of those stars of science that have arisen to illuminate the world with the light of truth. Whenever the name of Sir Walter Scott may be forgotten; the memory of Linnaeus, Cuvier, and Humboldt will be cherished with veneration. How contemptible does the writer of the most finished story appear, when put in comparison with the great Newton, fathoming the depths of creation, and unravelling the mysteries of nature. What hero of romance has ever been supposed to perform deeds like a Herschel, who has written his name on the very heavens, in the new world, he has brought out from the depths of space, and set before the eye of man.

The study of things, then, is what invites the attention of the scholar who would arise to eminent usefulness or fame. And here I remark, it is a subject of congratulation, that the book of nature is open alike to all the poor as well as to the rich, to the retired peasant as well as to him who dwells in the halls of learning. But, let it be remembered that her pages must be studied by those who would benefit by her instructions. It must not be the mere idle gazing of a vacant mind on woods and fields and varied prospect, that affords the treasures of knowledge. But phenomena must be accurately noted, and their causes investigated, or in a word, the mind must be made to exercise thought on every thing which comes under its observation. A person may travel around the world, and still remain nearly as destitute of mental improvement as before he started. Whereas, on the other hand, the same individual might have found within the compass of his own farm, sources of knowledge that would have enabled him to rise to the rank of the most eminent scholars. The birds, the animals and insects observed on his premises, and even its very soil, may afford him subjects for investigation that would call into requisition the powers of the strongest mind. And by persevering research, he might be enabled to settle questions that have baffled the most eminent philosophers.

Let not, then, the self-taught youth, while struggling to fit himself for usefulness, repine that poverty has shut against him the halls of public seminaries; while all nature is opening before him her stores of knowledge. While, he does not despise the facilities for acquiring knowledge, which books and schools afford, let him make the best use he can of the facilities, which he does enjoy, with the assurance that although his pathway up the hill of science may be more crooked and rough, than that, which leads through the gate of college honors, yet diligence and resolution will place him on the lofty heights, where he chooses to fix his eye.

For the State Journal

MR. EDITOR:—A week or two since the fallen 'Star' of Danville was vain to make its readers believe that Mr Van Buren only voted in favor of the Bill to abridge the freedom of the press, for the purpose of affording an opportunity for a full expression of the Senate on its final passage. It is evident that the Editor of the 'Star' had just at that moment hit upon this back door retreat from a most harassing dilemma, and the natural revulsion of feeling, from extreme mental agony to joy, is diversely manifested in the great glee with which it is proclaimed, accompanied by jumping and clapping of hands. This is a truly silly and pitiful subterfuge, would of course be utterly unworthy of notice, did it not prove two things; first, that the Editor of the 'Star' was so fully convinced of the iniquity of this Bill, and of the difficulty of fanning for its supporters a plausible defence, that his conscience and discretion forbade him making the attempt. Yet something must be done to save Mr Van Buren—no matter about his country—so he tells the people that it is just as clear as moonshine of a cloudy night, that Mr Van Buren's voting in favor of the Bill, is a proof that he was opposed to it! Next it shows that some of the late converts to Jacksonism have not yet been fully initiated in the tactics of 'the Party.' Why, when any thing takes them by surprise, like the casting vote of Mr Van Buren, they must remain mum, until they receive the cue from the regularly appointed leaders. Now here comes the 'Boston Advocate' of high Tory principles and attempts to make out that the Bill in question is not a very bad one after all,—don't exactly approve it, but then Mr Van Buren, though almost, is not quite infallible, and sometimes does err, a very little, in judgment, as in the case of voting for the Bill abridging the freedom of the Press. The Editor of the Advocate does not even intimate that he thinks Mr Van Buren may possibly be opposed to the Bill. The 'Star' of Danville, being one of inferior magnitude, and of late surrounded by a somewhat dense nebula, its light has not yet travelled down to him.

The writer of this agrees with the Editor of the 'Advocate' in reproaching the misrepresentations whether wilful or inadvertent, in relation to this, its least offensive form, most insidious and offensive Bill. As the Bill had undergone various modifications since its introduction, it is fair to presume that many Editors, I will not say all, without any intention to misrepresent, and trusting to memory, gave a synopsis of the Bill as it appeared in its earlier stages. Even the Editor of the 'Advocate' it seems was not furnished with a copy as it passed to be engrossed simultaneously with the news of that event, else why the expres-

sion 'we have at last got a copy of it and find it a different thing' etc. It would have evidenced extreme bad policy in these Editors to have aggravated the features of this Bill when they knew that detection must follow upon the heels of misrepresentation, and the injury designed to be inflicted upon the opposite party would recoil upon themselves long before the period of any important election. But admitting that in every instance a fraud upon the people was intended, inexcusable as it certainly would have been, the whole aggregate sin sinks into insignificance when compared with the crime of the Editor of the 'Advocate' in attempting to soften down, almost to comeliness, the features of this monstrous Bill. The 'Advocate' denies that the Bill in question is unconstitutional, and further says that 'if any State chooses to pass a sedition act or gag law it is no violation of the Constitution of the United States,' because 'the constitution of the United States does not restrict the States from making laws abridging the freedom of the press, but merely says, that Congress shall pass no such law.' Of course every State in the Union, if they do not see fit to impose any express restrictions in their own State constitutions, may pass laws prohibiting the publication and circulation of Jackson newspapers; they may establish a particular form of religion, and prescribe with inquisitorial rancor, all others; they may deprive of the right of suffrage all who hold political opinions which the party in power may see fit to designate as incendiary and dangerous to the liberties of the country—such for instance as the practical doctrines of the present administration party, and a hundred other things they may do, which the most arbitrary governments in Europe would not now dare to do, and the same time do no violence to any fundamental law of this Republic. To what end, then, was the far famed constitution of the United States framed? What is it good for? Will the Editor of the 'Advocate' maintain that laws such as these, which would amount to not a mere inroad upon, but, an actual prostration of all liberty, are compatible with a republican form of government? and does not the constitution of the United States in express terms guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government? This alone one would think sufficient, not only to satisfy the doubts of all dispassionate men, but to silence every quibbler themselves. An express guaranty of the freedom of speech and of the press, in the constitution of the United States would have been mere supererogation. The constitution of the United States rests upon certain great and generally acknowledged principles. It is the superstructure having these principles for its foundation. Any other foundation than the principles comprised in the brief but comprehensive declaration, that 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, are inalienable rights of man,' never did nor never can sustain republican institutions. Freedom of speech and of the press is an inherent and indefeasible right, which though its abuse may be punished by the verdict of a regularly empanelled jury, never can be suspended or abridged without sapping the foundation of republican liberty. It may be compared to the blood in the human body, whose impurities must be purged away without for an instant suspending its free circulation. It is a right absolutely essential to the constitution of a free people. It is one of those primary rights, which the whole constitution, and not one clause, was designed to fence round about and preserve inviolate. It is the chief corner stone of civil liberty. It is a vital part of freedom; other parts may receive injury without destroying the fabric, but a thrust here is fatal to the whole. A guaranty for its preservation not only provides the constitution and the form of government, but is written in the hearts of the people, and intertwined with the muscles of their bodies. To all this the heart of the Editor of the Advocate will respond, though his tongue may not. To object, that the constitution of the United States imposes no restraint upon the enforcing laws by the State authority abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, because it contains no clause in those precise terms, is mere party cavilling. It is saying that the Constitution and Congress of the United States are in no respect the guardians of the liberty of the people beyond the District of Columbia,—that, though Congress may not infringe upon the rights of the people, it, with the constitution at its back, is powerless in preventing others from doing so. To answer a temporary purpose, the 'Advocate,' it seems, would risk inflicting a permanent injury upon the free institutions of our country. It seeks to persuade the people that Mr Van Buren's vote was not given for a bill directly violating any particular form of words in the constitution, hoping thus to divert their minds from the fact that the general spirit of the written instrument is the only gauge whereby the precise measure of its language can be ascertained, and by calling their attention to the literal and more obvious import of particular passages, to withdraw it from those important principles which are interwoven throughout its texture. The Editor of the 'Advocate' was an advocate of negro emancipation, he is now moving Earth, and would move Heaven if he could, to find

apologies for those who have attempted to deprive white men of their freedom. For as much as he may, about the unconstitutionality of the Bill, he will not deny that had it become a law it would, in some slight degree at least, have trench upon the freedom which the people of this country have heretofore enjoyed.

The Bill abridging the freedom of the press, is unconstitutional, because it violates the spirit of the constitution of the United States and infringes upon the rights which, while they form the basis of that instrument, the instrument itself was designed to protect. It is unconstitutional, because it is clearly incompatible with a Republican form of government, which that very constitution establishes over the whole Union, and guarantees to each particular State.—It is unconstitutional, because that very same clause which says 'Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press' from its peculiar character and connection, should also restrain Congress from giving any formal sanction to such laws in the separate States. Although this Bill had undergone considerable alteration from its first introduction to its passage to be engrossed, its principles remained precisely the same. In proportion as it became less odious to the eyes of careless observers, it became more dangerous, and the measure of condemnation which has been, and is being, meted out to it, and its supporters, cannot well be too plentiful or too severe. May it be to its supporters as a pall which shall overshadow them on their passage to their political graves, and may their apologists follow the same path, the worst wish of one who denies alike the right of the General Government, or any separate State of this Union to lay so much as a little finger in the way of the

44 Discourse on the wants of the times, by O. J. Brownson. The following extracts will illustrate the character of this Discourse.

"I see much in our places of worship which is offensive to a large portion of the community. One pew is worth five hundred dollars, another half that sum, another a fourth, and another a free seat. Every body is struggling for the highest priced pews, or counting them the most honorable seats, and nobody will sit in the free seats, unless he be willing to write himself down a pauper. The painful distance between the rich and the poor, the cause of so many heart-burnings out of the temple, is thus preserved within it, where all should meet as equals before our common Father. It is unpleasant to see these distinctions in the House of God, and where they are not abolished, none but those who are able to occupy the high seats will be willing to appear. I wish they were abolished, so that there might be one spot on earth where we might forget the fictitious distinctions of an artificial society, and appear, as we are, children of the same Father, brothers and sisters of the same family."

"My creed is a simple one. Its first article is, free, unlimited inquiry, perfect liberty to enjoy and express one's honest convictions, and perfect respect for the free and honest inquiry, whatever be the results to which he arrives. The second article is social progress. I would have a special object of the society I would collect, to perfect all social institutions, and raise every man to a social position which will give him free scope for the full and harmonious development of all his faculties. I say, perfect, not destroy, all social institutions. I do not feel that God has given me a work of destruction. I would improve, preserve, whatever is defective, and thus reconcile the Conservator and the Radical. My third article is, that Man should labor for his soul in preference to his body. Man has a soul—he is not a mere body. He has more than animal wants. He has a soul which is in relation with the absolute and infinite—a soul which is forever rushing into the unknown, and rising through a universe of darkness up to the first Good and the first Fair. To perfect it is our highest aim. I would encourage inquiry—I would perfect society, not as ultimate ends, but as means to the growth and maturity of man's higher nature—his soul."

"Next to the want to inquire, to philosophize, the age is distinguished by its tendency to democracy, and its craving for social reform. Be pleased or displeased as we may, the age is unquestionably tending to democracy; the democratic spirit is triumphing. The millions awake. The masses appear, and every day is more and more disclosed."

"The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm."—The voice of the awakened millions rising into new and undreamed of importance, crying out for popular institutions comes to us on every breeze, and mingles in every sound. All over the Christian world a contest is going on, not as in former times between monarchs and nobles, but between the people and their masters, between the many and the few, the privileged and the unprivileged, and the victory, though here and there seeming at first view doubtful, every where inclines to the party of the many. Old distinctions are losing their value; titles are becoming less and less able to confer dignity; simple tastes, simple habits, simple manners, are becoming fashionable; the simple dignity of man is more coveted, and with the discerning it has already become far more honorable to call one simply a man than a gentleman."

Mr Pay, a gentleman of color, has been recently admitted to the bar of the Royal Court of Martinique, to practise as an advocate. He was received with great kindness by his brother lawyers.

## LETTER FROM MR. WELD.

TROY, JUNE 11, 1836.

My Dear Brother Potter:

In my letter of a week ago, I expressed the hope, if I mistake not, that matters here would take such a turn as to admit of my being with you. \*\*\*\*\* That hope I have entirely given up. Since my last, we have been mobbed again, in the day time. The mayor and the city officers were with a few exceptions, totally inefficient, and pursued such a course to embolden rather than to intimidate the mob. One of the city officers was openly a leader of the mob. Twice a rush was made upon the aisles to drag me from the pulpit. Stones, pieces of bricks, eggs, cents, sticks, &c., were thrown at me while speaking.

As I came out of the house, and while going the whole distance to my lodgings, I was a target for all sorts of missiles—was hit by two stones, though not hurt seriously. The mob made desperate efforts to get me into their clutches, but were kept at bay by our friends, though often with extreme difficulty—but I have not time to detail. Suffice it to say, the mayor and common council declare that they cannot keep the peace of the city, that they cannot protect the citizens in the exercise of their constitutional rights! \*\*\*\*\*

Anti-Slavery fury, after being pent up for a few months is breaking out anew and with deadlier force than ever. Let every abolitionist, debate the matter, once for all, and settle it with himself, whether he is an abolitionist from impulse or principle—whether he can lie upon the rack—and clasp the fetter—and tread with steady step the scaffold—whether he can stand at the post of duty and, having done all, and suffered all, and, if cloven down, fall and die a martyr, 'not accepting deliverance.' O, what revelations of character have been made by this question, and yet, these are but a shadow of those to come.

Poor, outside whitewash! the tempest will batter it off the first stroke; and muck and yells and sheep clothing gone, at the first blast of fire. God give us all to do valiantly for the helpless and innocent. Blessed are they who die in the harness and are buried on the field, or bleach there.

In haste, your brother,  
in prayer, perit, and abounding hope,  
THEODORE D. WELD.

## PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

The 'Star and Banner,' published at Liberty, in Union county, Indiana, has the following sensible remarks upon Mr Van Buren's letter of praise and flattery of the Pope of Rome. They display the honest indignation which every true American and every friend of evangelical religion should feel, at the attempt which the Vice President is making to strengthen the Papal influence in the United States, for the unrighteous purpose of propitiating the low and ignorant Irish Catholics in our Eastern cities:

"We cannot, however, pass this opportunity by, without making a few remarks on this letter, and the subject to which it relates."

Who is this Pope, or, in the language of Mr Van Buren, 'His Holiness,' to whom the assurances of our friendship are so humbly and beseechingly tendered? And 'whose policy is so worthy the head of a great and Christian Church?' We answer, this Church, of which 'His Holiness,' to whom this letter was addressed, constitutes the head,—is the same, whose history has been but too legibly written in the 'Old World,' not in letters, but rivers of blood. The same that, without any other motive than 'base lucre,' and a wish to extend this policy, which Mr Van Buren says 'is so worthy the Head of a great and Christian Church,' slew thousands of unoffending innocent and retired Waldenses. The old, the feeble; the women and children of whom plead for life and mercy, but their tears and prayers fell on 'thorns of marble' and soon their blood dyed the soil that until then was theirs; but then by this slaughter of its rightful owners, had become the property of 'His Holiness, the Pope.' This church is the same whose rulers instigated the St. Bartholomew Massacre, in which an hundred thousand perished. The same that even now has a Priest in every city of the United States; and to whom people of other denominations are required to take off their hats as they pass them in the public streets, and for refusing to do which, not long since, a gentleman had his taken off by one of the Laity in the streets of Cincinnati. The same that has a Priest stationed in St. Louis, to whom, not long since, our own Flag, own beautiful Eagle, with the resplendent stars and stripes, was made to bow, as a manifestation of their reverence for this same Pope, and the authority and policy of 'His Holiness which is so worthy the Head of a great and Christian church.' The same that holds the following as some of the fundamental rules of its faith!

The Council of Constance decreed, and the Pope sanctioned the decree, that 'no faith shall be kept with heretics.' 'The Pope can annul and cancel every possible obligation arising from an oath.' Lessiers lib. 2d chap. 42. 'A man condemned by the Pope may be killed whenever he is found.' La Croix. 'The spiritual power by all sorts of means and expedients, must rule the temporal.' Bellarmine.

Pope Gregory VII. put the stamp of infallibility upon the following: 'That the tribunal of the Church is superior to that of the sovereign; and that the laws of the State are only to be obeyed when they are not contrary to those of the Church. No oath against the benefit of the Church is binding.' Can. 34."

Most sincerely do we hope, there is not a SINGLE VOTER in our country that

will not calmly and honestly ponder this Letter, and this Church and its policy; and then ask himself what propriety can there be in an officer of this Republic holding such language to 'His Holiness,' the Pope of Rome; the consummation of whose designs, will be the consummation of our ruin. Let him seriously reflect that his vote may settle the question whether the chair in which our immortal WASHINGTON, once sat, shall be filled by 'His Holiness,' the POPE!

From the Philadelphia Saturday News.

## JAMES MADISON.

In our last, we hastily mentioned the demise of the venerable and illustrious JAMES MADISON, Ex-President of the United States, which occurred at Montpelier, Virginia, on the morning of the 28th of June. He was then some months over 85 years of age. For several weeks before his death he had been gradually sinking, without pain and without positive disease, and he breathed his last without a struggle—yielding up existence as if gently sinking to sleep. To the latest moment he retained his faculties, his intellect remaining as bright and unclouded as at any period of his life, and he cheerfully met the common lot of man.

Mr. Madison was born on the 17th of March 1750. He entered into public life in 1775, as a member of the Virginia Legislature; was chosen a member of the State Council in the following year, and soon after sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1776. He was a distinguished member of the Convention in 1787, which framed the present Constitution of the United States, and perhaps to his wisdom, more than to that of any other man, we owe the existence of that matchless instrument. While the constitution was before the people for acceptance, Madison in company with Hamilton and Jay, warmly advocated it, in those noble essays published under the designation of the Federalist. After the adoption of the Federal Constitution, he was elected a member of the first Congress and continued in that body until the inauguration of Mr Jefferson as President of the United States, in 1800, under whom he accepted the station of Secretary of State, continuing in while that gentleman remained at the head of the Government.

Being elevated to the Presidency, he assumed the executive office in 1809, and holding it for two terms, was succeeded by Mr. Monroe in 1817, after having passed through the stormy and trying days of our second war with Great Britain. Since that period he has declined again mixing in public life, except on one occasion, when he was a member of the Convention for amending the Constitution of Virginia; and for the last sixteen years he has remained quietly in the enjoyment of domestic pleasures, solacing his declining years with the recollection of the public services which he had rendered, and continuing a keen observer of passing events.

While a resident of Philadelphia, as a member of Congress, Mr Madison married. His choice fell upon the daughter of the lady with whom he boarded, the beautiful and accomplished Mrs Todd, of this city, the widow of a young lawyer. Her maiden name was Dorothy Payne, and she was equally remarkable for personal charms and the fascination of her manners. Mrs. M. still survives.

During the close of his life, Mr Madison was diligently employed in the arrangement of documents referring to his public career, and to the many illustrious men with whom, during his long and busy existence, he has been associated. Should they be laid before the world, a publication of the greatest interest, and of the utmost importance in furnishing materials for history, may be anticipated.

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams breathed their last on the Fourth of July, 1826; James Monroe expired on the Fourth of July, 1831; and when it was heard that James Madison rapidly approached his end it was hoped that he, too, would be enabled to yield up his breath on the glorious anniversary of our National Independence, being the fourth President of the United States, and in that case making the fourth who died on a day so happy. But although his physicians confidently anticipated that this would be the result, a change in the weather hastened his dissolution. It was ordained otherwise.

It were idle in us to attempt a eulogy on the character of Madison. His life and his acts are so well known to the American people that it would be vain to attempt it in the columns of a newspaper. It is sufficient to say that men of all parties concur in their estimation of him, as one of the best, purest, and ablest of that band of patriots with whom our country has been blessed. The last of the framers of the constitution leaves a reputation behind him which time cannot dim.

What the Farmer pays. It has been ascertained by examining documents furnished by the supervisors in Jefferson county N. Y. that every man who pays three dollars as his county tax pays two of them to support the vender of intoxicating drinks, his family and victims. How long will intelligent, temperate farmers and mechanics suffer this state of things? Have they not an ambition to apply this money to better and nobler uses?

The Treasurer of the American Board for Foreign Missions, has received notice of the payment of fifteen hundred dollars, by the king of the Sandwich Islands, to the agent of the Board, to be expended in this country in the purchase of materials for finishing a commodious place of worship, to be built of stone.